

YOU WILL HAVE A GREAT NEW YEAR WITH...

SMASH!

No. 153

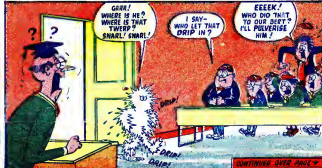
4th JAN. 1969
EVERY MONDAY

7d

INCORPORATING **FANTASTIC**

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00. WEST AFRICA 10c.
SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

The SWOTS and the BLOTS!



CONTINUING OVER PAGE 7

CONTINUED FROM COVER..

[illegible]

KING OF THE RING

WITH BLARNEY STONE, HIS MANAGER, PAL, KEN KING... A BOXER WHO HAS TURNED WRESTLER... IS FIGHTING HIS WAY ROUND THE WORLD. THEY ARRIVE AT THE MILLIONAIRE'S PLAYGROUND; BOULVILLE, NEAR CANNES IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE...







THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD GRIMLY FEENDISH!



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will send you this large packet con-
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MAURITIUS BIRD stamp illustrated,
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JET STAMPS (Dept. A31), MUCH WENLOCK, SALOP

BRIAN'S BRAIN





THE CLOAK



THE PHANTOM PIPER



THIS IS CASTLE McDoom IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND! A GLOOMY AND SINISTER, CRUMBLING NEAR SUNKEN BY THE LOCALS AND TOURISTS ALIKE!



MANY AN EERIE TALE IS TOLD OF THE CASTLE BY THE LOCALS OVER A GLASS OF WHISKY!

OCH AYE! 'TIS SAID THAT EVERY NIGHT AT THE SIX-OR-EIGHT O' TWELVE, THE PHANTOM PIPER LEAVES CASTLE McDoom AND WALKS OVER THE MOORS W/ HIS BAGPIPES WAILIN' A TERRIBLE TUNE!



IN CASE YOU ADAMN READERS DON'T BELIEVE THE SCARY STORIES, TAKE A LOOK FOR YOURSELVES AT THE MOORS AT MIDNIGHT AND SEE WHO'S ADAMN THROUGH THE GLOAMING...



THE STRANGE STORIES HAVE FINALLY REACHED THE DEEP, DARK WOLVES OF THE FAMOUS SECRET SANCTUM, HOME OF OUR HERO, THE CLOAK!



W/ OUR SCOTTISH OFFICE HAS BEEN SENDING SOME QUER REPORTS LATELY! I THINK THIS SO CALLED "PHANTOM PIPER" NEEDS INVESTIGATING!

LATER, AT SPECIAL SQUAD HEADQUARTERS...



SO I THOUGHT WE'D POP UP TO SCOTLAND AND LOOK INTO THESE GHOSTLY GOINGS ON, CHIEF!

THAT WILL BE OKAY, BUT FIRST I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF THINGS TO SHOW YOU!

I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET A BRAND NEW AGENT THAT I'VE JUST RECRUITED INTO THE SERVICE!



HEY! LOOK WHO IT IS!



WOW! LADY SHADY! ARE YOU COMING TO WORK FOR US?

YOU BET! IT'LL BE MUCH MORE FUN THAN SITTING UP THERE IN MY STALEY HOME!



LADY SHADY WILL GO ON SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS FROM TIME TO TIME! I'M SURE SHE'LL BE A GREAT HELP TO US!

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME UP TO SCOTLAND WITH US TO GIVE YOU A BIT OF PRACTICE?

THAT WOULD BE GROOVY!

ER-STRANGELY ENOUGH, I NEVER GOT ROUND TO ASKING YOUR FIRST NAME! WHAT IS IT?

WOULD YOU BELIEVE CYNTHIA? SWINGIN' CYNTHIA, THAT IS!

LADY CYNTHIA SHADY, EH? THAT'S QUITE A NAME!

NOW THAT WE'VE SETTLED THAT, FOLLOW ME DOWN TO THE GARAGE! I'VE GOT ANOTHER SURPRISE!



AS YOU'RE GOING TO SCOTLAND, YOU MIGHT AS WELL TRAVEL IN STYLE! I RECKON THIS IS AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO SHOW YOU THE NEW CAR WE'RE SUPPLYING YOU WITH!



PRESS GREEN.

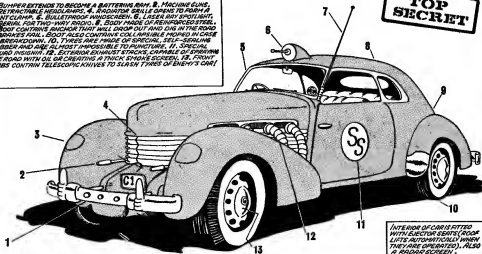
PRESENTING THE CLOAKSTER!



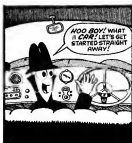
THE CLOAKSTER!!

1. BUMPER EXTENDS TO BECOME A BATTERING RAM. 2. MACHINE GUNS. 3. DESTRUCTIBLE HEADLIGHTS. 4. RADAR/SONAR SCANNER OPENS TO FORM A GIANT CLAMP. 5. BULLET-PROOF WINDSCREEN. 6. LASER RAY SPOTLIGHT. 7. AERIAL FOR TWO-WAY RADIO. 8. BODY MADE OF REINFORCED STEEL. 9. BODY CONTAINS RATCHET THAT WILL DROP OUT AND DIG IN THE ROAD IF BRAKES FAIL. 10. BOOT ALSO CONTAINS COLLAPSIBLE MOPED IN CASE OF BREAKDOWN. 11. TYRES ARE MADE OF SPECIAL, SELF-SEALING RUBBER AND ARE ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO PUNCTURE. 12. SPECIAL SOUND INSULIN. 13. EXTERIOR EXHAUST STACKS, CAPABLE OF SPRAYING THE ROAD WITH OIL OR CREATING A THICK SMOKE SCREEN. 14. FRONT HUBS CONTAIN TELESCOPIC KNIVES TO SLASH TYRES OF ENEMY'S CAR!

TOP SECRET



INTERIOR OF CAR IS FITTED WITH ELECTOR SEATS (ROOF LIFTS AUTOMATICALLY WHEN THEY ARE OPERATED), ALSO A RADAR SCREEN.



THE FABULOUS F.F.--FIGHTING THEIR MOST DESPERATE FIGHT!

DESTINED TO TAKE ITS PLACE BESIDE THE BATTLES OF WATERLOO, GETTYSBURG, AND DUNKIRK, HERE IS...

"THE BATTLE OF THE BAXTER BUILDING"



LET'S GET UP TO DATE FAST! DOCTOR RICHARD HAS TAKEN CONTROL OF THE BAXTER BUILDING, HEADQUARTERS OF THE FABULOUS FANTASTIC FOUR! HAVING LOST THEIR SUPER POWERS DUE TO A BATTLE WITH THE FANTASTIC FOUR, REED AND HIS GALLANT TRIO ARE AIDED BY THE SIGHTLESS ANGELOPPE, NOW THEY TRY TO LAUNCH AN ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE COUNTER-ATTACK AGAINST THE MOST DANGEROUS ARCH-VILLAIN OF ALL TIME!



NOW THAT I REALIZE THAT THE FANTASTIC FOUR ARE POWERLESS, I CAN TOY WITH THEM... PICK THEM OFF AT MY LEISURE!

AND THE SUPREMACY IS THE FACT THAT I CAN USE REED RICHARDS' OWN WEAPONS AGAINST HIM! SO LONG AS I REMAIN IN CONTROL OF THEIR HEAD-QUARTERS!

SINCE MY OWN INTELLIGENCE IS THE EQUAL OF RICHARDS', I HAVE ONLY TO LOOK AT ONE OF HIS DEVICES TO INSTANTLY GRASP ITS PURPOSE AND METHOD OF OPERATION!

--SUCH AS THIS REMOTE-CONTROL TV EYE WHICH I'VE SET TO FIND MY VICTIMS NO MATTER HOW WELL-HIDDEN THEY MAY BE IN A CROWD!



A REVOLVING GARRISON COMING FROM THE BAXTER BUILDING!

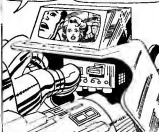
THE F.F. MUST BE TESTING SOME NEW CINE-FIGHTING DEVICE!

IT ALMOST HIT ME!

THEY'RE NO RIGHT TO SCARE INNOCENT PEOPLE THIS WAY!

AT THE RATE THE TV EYE IS TRAVELLING, IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF MINUTES BEFORE IT LOCATES THE ONES I SEEK!

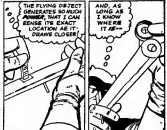
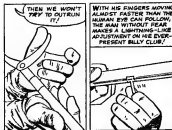
HOW THEY MUST BE TREMBLING IN HELPLESS FEAR RIGHT NOW, KNOWING THAT THEIR DESTRUCTION IS IMMINENT--AND THAT ONCE THEY ARE GONE, THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE SHALL BEAR THE BRUNT OF MY NEXT ATTACK!



TOO LONG HAVE I REMAINED IN MY REMOTE KINGDOM OF LATVODIA, UNCONCERNED ABOUT THE REST OF MANKIND! NOW I FEEL THE THRILL OF BATTLE AGAIN, AND I SHALL NOT STOP UNTIL THE ENTIRE WORLD GROVELS BEFORE ME!

NOW! THE MOMENT IS AT HAND! I HAVE FOUND THEM!





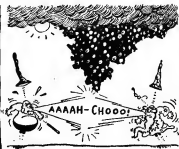




WIZARD PRANG

IN WIZ WAR

DEMON DRUID



EVERY LETTER
PRINTED WINS A £1! WRITE
TO:
ALF AND COS,
"SMASH AND POW,"
189, HIGH HOLBORN,
LONDON, W.C.1.



Dear Alf and Cos,

I think your comic is great, but in the "King of the Ring" story in issue 147, it showed Ken delivering a forearm smash to a thug with his left arm. You said before that he couldn't use his left arm though, so what happened?

John Murray,
Oldham, Lancs.

Yes, we did say that Ken couldn't use his left arm in the first story, John, but that was before he had the accident with the car. Since that accident he's been able to use his left arm, though, of course, it is not nearly so powerful as his right!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

In issue 146 of SMASH, you show Batman and Robin attending to Superman in the hovering helicopter. So how can it fly and hover with no one at the controls?

John Angell,
Gillingham, Kent.

Ever hear of an autopilot?

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Where does the Cloak get all his gadgets, and who invents them? For every situation he seems to have a different gun, or some other form of gadget. How come? Also, who makes Batman's computers, his Batmobile, and all his other gadgets? Apart from these questions, I think your comic is a master-piece!

Derek Cunningham,
Aberdeen.

The answer's the same for both Cloak and Batman, Derek. They've both built up their collections of crime-fighting gizmos as they go along, and after a life-time of crime-fighting, they've got pretty good at designing the gadgets to get them out of almost any situation!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

In the Spectre, how is Jim Jordan protected from bullets? He could wear some sort of bullet-proof vest underneath his ordinary clothes, but then his face and hands would be in danger of getting shot at, wouldn't they? Also, where does Spectre get his food from, to keep him going through the days he spends in his hideout under the monument?

Steven Stewart,
Newlenahy, N. Ireland.

The Spectre's protection is provided by bullet-proof clothes. And so far, they've proved good enough. We guess that when the villains are panicking, they tend to shoot for the head, being the biggest target. And his hair is fully outfitted for him to live in, so he probably stockpiles food in his hair. . . .

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

In SMASH No. 146, in the last picture of the Fantastic Four story, you showed five bad guys attacking the Iceman. I know that the first three were Electro, the Mandarin, and the Unicorn, and the last was the Beetle. But who was the fourth ray-spraying villain?
Robert MacAllister,
Langholm,
Dumfriesshire.

Would you believe
he was the Mefter,
an old foe of Iron Man's?
Alf and Cos.

DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

My favourite feature is

My second favourite feature is

Send the coupon with your letter to:
Alf and Cos, SMASH, 189, High
Holborn, London, W.C.1.

You're on the road to adventure in Wayfinders animal track shoes



Approved by the
Scout Association.

Wayfinders—the great shoes for boys who love adventure. They've got animal tracks on the soles, to help you recognise the tracks of the otter, fox, badger, and other animals, and a secret compass hidden in the heel! And you get a spare compass free with every pair and a Wayfinders set of 10 new colour transfers as well.

Get Wayfinders—in lace and casual styles
—the modern boys' adventure shoe.

WAYFINDERS
ANIMAL TRACKS.

Wayfinders Ltd., 151 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

DEVIL OF THE DEEP

AFTER KNOCKING
OUT THE GUARD,
NICK SNATCHED UP
THE MAN'S RIFLE.



BUT IN CAPTAIN SHARKEY'S CABIN,
THE KEEN-EARED YAMASAKI
BROKE OFF THEIR CONVERSATION!



WHAT WAS THAT?
SOUNDED LIKE A
MAN FALLING!

APART FROM
HIS SHOUT, THAT
WENT OFF QUIETLY!
HOW TO FIND
SAMMY.

MAYBE THAT
KID'S TRIED TO
ESCAPE!

While seeking the legendary monster
of Menako Deep, Captain Bill Barnes
and his nephews, Nick and Sammy
Swift, were attacked by Captain
Sharkey and his Japanese partner,
Yamaseki. Sammy was captured and
latter, in a bid to rescue him, Nick
boarded the crooks' steamer.

THE JAPANESE WAS OUT OF THE CABIN
WITH THE SPEED AND STEALTH OF A
SNAKE...AND THINGS HAPPENED FAST!

BY THUNDER, IT'S
THE OTHER ONE FROM
THE KETCH!



STAND STILL,
OR I'LL DRILL YOU!
— WHERE'S MY BROTHER
— QUICK?

BEWARE THE BEAST THAT LURKS BELOW,
THE THING THAT HAUNTS MEN'S SLEEP,
TO LIVE IS BETTER THAN TO KNOW
THE MONSTER OF MANAKO DEEP

THE BOLT OF THE RIFLE CLICKED
BACK MENACINGLY. THEN NICK
HEARD A DELIGHTED CRY!

NICK!



GOOD OLD
SAMMY! COME
OUT—THE DOOR'S
NOT LOCKED!

INTO THE WATER,
SAMMY—AND KEEP
SWIMMING!



YOU WON'T
GET AWAY WITH
THIS!

THE DARK WATER RUSHED UP AT
SAMMY. DESPERATELY HE FLUNG
OUT A HAND AS HIS GLASSES FLEW
FROM HIS NOSE!



GOSH, I MUST'NT
LOSE THOSE! WITHOUT
'EM I'LL BE AS
BLIND AS A BAT!

MEANWHILE, YAMASAKI SPOKE WITH ICY CALM, HIS SLANT EYES GLITTERING—



I DON'T THINK YOU WOULD SHOOT AN UNARMED MAN—NDR DO YOU WISH TO MAKE A NOISE. SO, MY FRIEND—

THEN THE COMPACTLY-BUILT, MUSCULAR JAPANESE LEAPT FORWARD WITH LIGHTNING SPEED—



YOU'RE RIGHT, CHUM— I WOULDN'T SHOOT! BUT TAKE THIS!

THE RIFLE STRUCK YAMASAKI WITH NUMBING FORCE!



AAAAH!

YOU'RE TOO SMART BY FAR, YE YOUNG PIRATE. I'LL BREAK YOUR BACK!

AGAIN NICK MOVED FASTER THAN HIS ENEMIES, AND SHARKEY'S CLAWING HANDS PAVED EMPTY AIR—



CURSE YOU, YOU'LL NOT GET FAR! EVERY MAN ON DECK! WAKE UP, YOU LAZY LOT!

NICK HIT THE WATER CLEANLY AND SWAM TOWARDS HIS FLOUNDERING BROTHER.



O.K., OLD SON?

N—NOT BAD, BUT I'VE LOST MY GLASSES! I'M SWIMMING—ALMOST BLIND

STICK CLOSE TO ME, AND GIVE IT ALL YOU'VE GOT!

BEHIND THEM THEY HEARD SHARKEY'S BULLY VOICE ROARING AS THE CREW SWARMED ON DECK AND A BRILLIANT LIGHT LANCED TOWARDS THEM—



THERE THEY ARE! GET RIFLES! LAUNCH A BOAT—MOVE, YOU SLUGGARDS!

HALF-STUNNED, GULPING FOR BREATH, YAMASAKI PICKED UP THE RIFLE, LUNCHED TO THE RAIL, AND—



HE WILL PAY— HE WILL PAY HEAVILY— FOR WHAT HE DID TO ME!

ANGRILY HUMMING BULLETS HIT THE WATER NEAR THE SWIMMERS!



DIVE, SAMMY— DIVE FOR YOUR LIFE!

BOTH SLID UNDER WATER DESPERATELY UNTIL THEY CAME UP IN THE SHADOW OF TANGLED UNDERGROWTH AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFF—



I CAN HARDLY SEE A THING— EXCEPT THE LIGHT! WHAT ARE THEY DOING, NICK?

STILL LOOKING FOR US, SAMMY? THEY HAVEN'T GIVEN UP! THEY'LL GUESS IN A FEW SECONDS THAT WE'VE REACHED SHELTER!

MEANWHILE—



TWICE YOU HAVE FAILED TO GET THEM, SHARKEY. NOW I, YAMASAKI, WILL TAKE OVER! REMEMBER, A MILLION DOLLARS IS AT STAKE!

Next Week — The Beam of Light With the Touch that Meant Death!



PROFESSOR ZINKK HAS TRIED TO DESTROY SUPERMAN BY BEAMING KRYPTONITE RAYS AT HIM. NOW, AS REPORTER CLARK KENT, SUPERMAN AND THE DYNAMIC DUO PAY THE EVIL PROFESSOR A VISIT, BUT THE BRIDGE THEY MUST CROSS SUDDENLY DROPS-- AND THE TRIO HURTLE DOWN TOWARDS--
QUICKSAND!

BUT, FROM WHERE THEY WERE STANDING ON THE BRIDGE, THEY LAND ON THE VERY EDGE OF THE PIT!

WHEN!

CLOSE!

--AND NOW I WANT TO TALK TO PROF. ZINKK!

GOOD! AND ROBIN AND I HAVE OTHER WORK TO DO!

I'LL WALK UP TO PROF. ZINKK'S LAB FROM HERE!

AFTER WHAT YOUR X-RAY VISION SAW IN THIS QUICKSAND PIT, WE KNOW HE'S A KILLER!

COME ON, ROBIN! WE'VE GOT TO GO TO THE POLICE!

WE CAN'T RISK USING THE RADIO--

THAT'S RIGHT! ZINKK MIGHT INTERCEPT ANY RADIO MESSAGE!

THE EVIL PROF. ZINKK IS UNAWARE THAT HIS VISITOR IS IN REALITY SUPERMAN-- WHOM ZINKK BELIEVES TO BE DEAD!

MY NAME IS KENT. I'M A REPORTER FOR THE DAILY PLANET--

SORRY! I'M AN EXTREMELY BUSY AND ECCENTRIC SCIENTIST--

I NEVER GIVE INTERVIEWS TO THE PRESS!

OH, I THINK YOU'LL GIVE ME AN INTERVIEW--

MY WORD! HE'S A STRONG ONE!

YOU SEE! I'M A FRIEND OF SUPERMAN!

SUPERMAN?! I'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF HIM!

THAT'S ODD! THERE'S A CRAZY RUMOUR GOING AROUND THAT YOU KILLED HIM!--

--BY SENDING OUT DEADLY KRYPTONITE RAYS BY SHORT-WAVE RADIO!

RIDICULOUS! RADIO IS MERELY A HOBBY WITH ME!

I DON'T KNOW HOW THIS SNOOPER KNOWS SO MUCH, BUT HE KNOWS MUCH TOO MUCH!

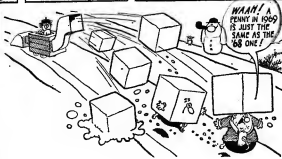
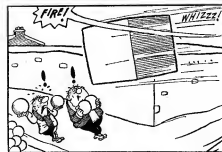
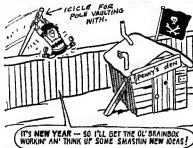
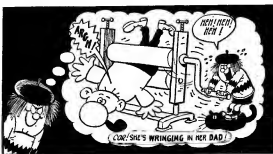
WELL, PROFESSOR--?

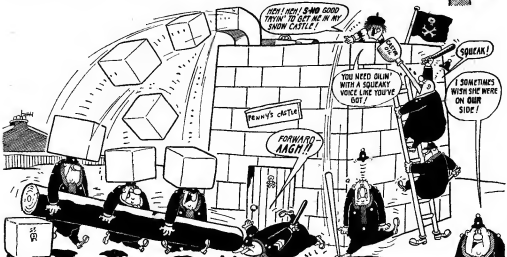
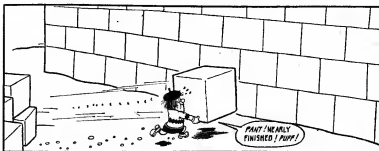
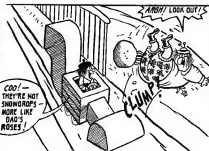
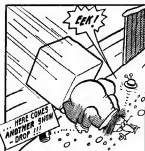
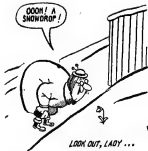
SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO GET HIM INTO MY MOLECULAR-DISINTEGRATOR CHAIR SO I CAN ZAP HIM!!





BAD PENNY





DESTINATION DANGER

JEFF JACKSON, A YOUNG ENGLISH RACING DRIVER WHO HAD GAINED HIS CHANCE TO DRIVE FOR PUMA MOTORS IN THE U.S.A., SUSPECTED PUMAS' ACE DRIVER, VIC STAFFORD, OF BEING A TRAITOR. ON THE EVE OF THE GREAT ANTON DERBY RACE, JEFF FOLLOWED STAFFORD INTO THE WORKS OF NERO AUTOS, A RIVAL FIRM. HE OVERHEARD STAFFORD PLOTTING AGAINST PUMAS, BUT WAS DISCOVERED AND KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS.

STILL OUT TO THE WORLD, JEFF WAS CARRIED TO THE RAILWAY SIDING AT THE NERO WORKS!

DUMP HIM INSIDE THIS FREIGHT CAR! THE YOUNG FOOL'S GOING ON A VERY LONG JOURNEY!



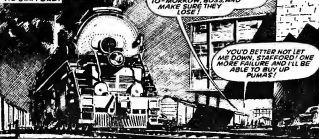
VIC STAFFORD, PUMAS' TREACHEROUS ACE DRIVER, TURNED ANXIOUSLY TO THE BOSS OF NERO AUTOS...



A MOMENT LATER THE FREIGHT CAR DOOR WAS SLAMMED SHUT--



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, THE FREIGHT TRAIN MOVED OFF ON ITS LONG JOURNEY, WATCHED BY VIC STAFFORD.



MEANWHILE, AS THE TRAIN CLATTERED ON ITS WAY, JEFF BEGAN TO RE-GAIN CONSCIOUSNESS.



IN THE DARKNESS, HE MADE A SWIFT EXAMINATION OF HIS PRISON...



SUDDENLY, JEFF REALISED WHERE HE WAS--





DESPERATELY, JEFF BROKE OPEN A BOX OF HERO SPARES.

THAT VENTILATOR HATCH—IF I COULD SMASH THE WHOLE FRAME, I COULD CLIMB OUT!



WITH EVERY SECOND VITAL, JEFF STRUCK FRENZIEDLY AT THE HATCH—



AT LAST, THE JOB WAS COMPLETED.

STAFFORD HOPES TO RUIN PUMAS, SO THAT THE FIRM WILL HAVE TO SELL OUT TO HEROES! BUT NOT IF I CAN PREVENT IT! I MUST BET TO THE RACE—AND BEAT THEM!



IF I JUMP OFF NOW, I'LL BREAK MY NECK! I'LL WAIT TILL WE CROSS THAT BRIDGE AHEAD—AND RISK A DIVE INTO THE RIVER.



THEN, AS THE TRAIN THUNDERED OVER THE BRIDGE...



THE WATER WAS ICY COLD, BUT AFTER A DESPERATE EFFORT, HE MANAGED TO REACH THE BANK—

GOODNESS KNOWS WHERE I AM! MY ONLY HOPE IS TO FIND A MAIN HIGHWAY—AND THUMB A LIFT! I'M GOING TO DRIVE A PUMA IN THE ANZON DERBY—I'VE GOT TO!



FIGHTING HIS WAY THROUGH BRUSHWOOD AND BRACKEN, JEFF GAINED THE TOP OF A SLOPE. SUDDENLY, HE SAW A FAST CAR ROARING ROUND A BEND BELOW...

AHOY, THERE!



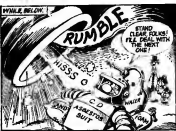
BUT JEFF FAILED TO ATTRACT THE DRIVERS' ATTENTION.

WAIT! HEY--WAIT!



NEXT MOMENT A SECOND HOT ROD SCREAMED ROUND THE BEND---AND JEFF WAS RIGHT IN ITS PATH!

The NERVS



BUT SUDDENLY AND HORRIBLY.

HEAVY! TYPICAL OF N.G. CONFOUND IT!
THEY ISSUE US WITH A DAMNED CANNON
TO BLAST THE UN-GASHED NOSH TO
PIECES DURING AN INDIGESTION-
ATTACK—BUT NO AMMUNITION!

ERK! COLONEL!
IT'S FLYIN' DOWN THE
BARREL AND THE
CANNON'S PACKED WITH
GUNPOWDER!
WHAT'LL WE DO?

CANNON
DUTY DETAIL!
AT THE DOUBLE...

RUMBLE

DESERT!

20 FT POLE-VAULT RECORD (WITHOUT POLE)

AGH-N

LEAP-FOR-LIFE

THE NEWLY FURED PEPPERMINT-BALL ENDS ITS FLIGHT AT THE DOOR OF THE HEART DEPT. . . .

T DEPT

O-MY GOSH!
I'LL BURN ITS
WAY THROUGH!

“I'M GLAD I AIN'T IN THERE!”

ONE SWIFT SQUEEZE LATER IN FATTY'S TICKET-

**HELP! IT'S A HEART-ATT
ABANDON HEART!**

472 PUMP

MAKE FOR THE
EMERGENCY
EXIT

EVERY
NERVE
FOR
HIM-
SELF!



IN SIX SECONDS FLAT THE HEART OPERATORS ARE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THEIR ESTABLISHMENT.

AND HE ISN'T—

MA

**HELP! I'VE
GOT CHRONIC
HEART-BURN!
I'M BURNING
UP!
AGH-H-H!**

AGH-H-N!

ALL RIGHT!
ALL RIGHT!
I'M
COMING!

WHY JUST
ONE THING
PUZZLES ME?
WHY ISN'T IT HIS
BELLY THAT'S
BURNING?

AGH! QUICK!
WE CHEST'S
AN INFERNO!
OO OO!
OUCH!
EE EEK!

10

THE
MIGHTY

THOR



**"THIS
BATTLEGROUND
EARTH!"**

THE EVIL ENCHANTERS ARE ATTEMPTING TO DESTROY THOR AND THE ASGARDIANS, AND ONE OF THEIR NUMBER HAS ENTERED ASGARD TO CHALLENGE ODIN HIMSELF. MEANWHILE, THE OTHER TWO ENCHANTERS HAVE LANDED ON EARTH, AND HAVING SEPARATED THE THUNDER GOD FROM HIS COMPANIONS, ARE GIVING THOR THE FIGHT OF HIS LIFE.....



AGAIN I STRIVE FOR
ASGGAARD!!



WHAT UNMENTIONABLE
WIZARDRY IS
THIS...??

MY FORM TRANSFORMED
HIMSELF INTO A FIGURE OF
PULSATING ENERGY

...ENERGY WHICH
BOTH GRIP MY
MALLE... BUT
THAT'S IT AS IN A
VICE!



STRUGGLE AS THOU MEET THUNDER
GOD... THE GAME IS ENDED... THE
VICTORY MINE!

AND NOW... FROM
THE MACE OF BROWN
THOU SHALT RECOVER
THE FAME! BLOW!



IT IS DONE! THE GOD
OF THUNDER IS FALLEN!

SO TOO SHALL
ASGARD FALL
NEE TO RISE
AGAIN!



WHAT UNSPEAKABLE
WONDERMENT
IS THIS??

THE ASGARDIAN
STILL BOTH
LIVE!!

"WOULD NEED
FAR MORE THAN
A CONARD'S BLOW
NOT FOR TO SLAY
THE SON OF ODIN!"

BUT, TWO
DON'T BEGIN TO SLIP...
TOO HAS THE EDGE
HAST THOU FALLEN...
MAKING THE UNAVAILABLE
TO BROWA ONCE MORE!





THIS I HAVE SCANT
SECONDS IN WHICH TO
ACT... BEFORE IT
RETURNS?

THOUGH HIS HAMMER
BE FOUNDED HE STELS
AM I THE AVANTAGE?
OF ALL IT

HAVE
AT
THE
ENCHANTER!

HE WITH LEAPED MEATY
THE FLAMING SWORD OF
MAGN... HURLING IN
BROTHER UPON HIS BLOW,
WITH ONE FELL BLOW!

BUT, THOUGH
HE BATTLES LIKE A
WIND-DRIVEN LEAF...
THOUGH HIS STRENGTH
BE LIKE A STAR BURNING
UNABATED... STILL
HE FACES ENCHANTER'S
TWO... STILL THE VICTORY
MUST BE OURS!

ALREADY THE FLAMING
HAMMER HURTLER TOWARDS
ITS MASTER... AND WHEN IT
STOPS... THAT HE AS
THOUGH A MILLION SWIRLS
HAVE CAUGHT HIM IN THEIR
BLAZING FURY!

IT'S THOU
WHO DOST
BETWIXT MY
MALLETS!

THUS, ONLY
BY CRUSHER
THOU, CAN THE
EYE ENCHANTMENT
BE PERMANENTLY
DESTRUCTED!

NO FRY WE
NEED ACCUSED
HARSHLY, AS I SHOW
THESE NOW A
THUNDER GOD
BOTH BATTLE!!



TEEN, IN THE SPACE OF A FEW
MICRO-SECONDS BEFORE THE
SECOND HAMMER CAN STRIKE,
THE MIGHTY THOR UNLEASHES A
SERIES STAGGERING BLOW...

THIS BLOW
ALONE MUST
ACHIEVE BY
OBJECTIVE...

THERE WILL
BE NO TIME
FOR ANOTHER!!



"IT'S DONE... AND
DONE WELL!"
WITH CONSCIOUSNESS
GIVEN FROM THE BODY OF
MAGN...

NO SCHMER
MAY BE CONTROL
THE LAMING
ENCHANTMENT
OF MY MALLETS

THUS, THE HAND
OF THOR AGAIN MAY GRASP
IT... AS IS MY BROTHERHOOD
ETERNAL!



AND WITH HAMMER
IN HAND, ONE MORE
DO I PLUNGE INTO
BATTLE...

...AGAIN TO CHALLENGE THE
BURGEONING REACH OF HIS
WHO IS KNOWN AS BROWNA!!

BUT, STILL YOU
FORGET GOD OR
THUNDER...

THE UNLIMITED
POWER OF ENCHANTMENT
AND EVER HAVE TO COMMAND
POWERS AGAIN WHICH
EVEN THOU CANST QUOTE
NO DEFENSE?





THE BATTLE WILL RAGE BEYOND ALL TIME... BEYOND ALL SPACE... FAR, FAR BEYOND... THE FURTHEST RANGE OF THOUGHT ITSELF!

AND WHEN IT BOTH END... SHALL REGAL ODIN STILL HOLD REIGN...?

YES, WILL THE LORD OF ASGARD BE HIS CALLED FORSAKEN... THE ENCHANTER?



BUT, OTHER EYES OBSERVE THE SKY AS WELL... AMONG THEM, THE CLEAR BUT TROUBLED EYES OF BALDER, AND THE STUNNING SIF...

QUICKLY, MY LADY! THOU MUST USE THY POWER OF INSTANT TRANSPORT TO BRING US TO THE SIDE OF THOU!

ALAS, LOYAL BALDER... I MAY NOT SO DO!

WHAT? THOU WOULDST NOT AID HIM WHOM THOU DOST LOVE TO LOVE?



I WOULD, BRAVE WARRIOR... AS ODIN IS MY JUDON, I WOULD...

BUT, MY POWER SAITH MYSTEROUSLY ENBAUNED IN YOUTH, MOST FAITHFUL FRIEND... I CANNOT!

CAN THOU THEN BE THE ENCHANTER?



BUT, IF WE CANNOT REACH HIM... HOW SHALL THE THUNDER GOD FUSE AGAINST THEIR POWERS OF DARK SORCERY?

FEAR NOT, MY LADY! MYST MUST OVER REIGN!

HER SLENDER ARMS ABOUT ME... THEY WAGGON FEELING I DARE NOT FORGESS...

...SHE SHE IS THE BLOVED OF HIM WHO IS MORE THAN BROTHER TO ME!



WELL, FAR ABOVE THE TOWERING SPIRES OF MANHATTAN...

THE MYSTIC MUST BEGINS TO FADE... BUT THE THUNDER GOD STILL LIVES!

WHY HATH BRONA THUS ENBAUNED HIS ATTACK... BEFORE THE DEED IS DONE?



THE FIGURE OF BRONA DOTH RETURN TO NORMAL... EVEN AS THE PAVEMENT DESCENDS TOWARDS EARTH ONCE MORE!

AND, STRANGELY ENOUGH, I DO FEEL BENEFIT OF HAVE OWN GODLY POWERS AS WELL!

IT'S AS THOUGH THY POWERS HAVE LEFT THIS BOTH!



THEN THERE CAN BE ONE ANSWER BE...

ODIN AND FORSUNING ARE FIGHTING THE ULTIMATE BATTLE... AND BOTH HAVE REAUNCHED THEIR POWERS UNTIL THE END IS COME!

BUT, IF WE HAVE EACH LOFT OUR POWERS... THEN STILL WE BE EQUAL IN STRENGTH!

STILL I MAY WITH FOR ASGARD...



BUT NOW THAT THOU HAST DESCENDED TO EARTH... ONCE MORE... THE THUNDER GOD NO LONGER FIGHTS ALONE!

MAGINE? HAVE THEE AT WARDEN? REBELDER WILL I DO, REINER THOR BEFORE THEE BYES!



A PITY THINE ACROSS CANNOT NOW BE REINER TRY FOOLMARTY WARDEN, ENCHANTER!

THAN



BRAVE ONE... TO MY SIDE! WE FIGHT TOGETHER... IN THE CITY OF YORK!



FOR ASGAAARD!!



LET HIM SHOUT AS HE WILL...

THE MACE OF BRONA SHALL STILL PROVE VICTORIOUS OVER THE ACQUIRED HAMMER OF THOU!

I SAY THIS NEVER!

TIDE OF TERROR!

YOUR
POW!
SHORT
STORY

ARE
YOU
A
CRAZY?
YOU
'LL
WRECK
US...!

THE PACIFIC WITH A HURRICANE
RAGING IS NO PLACE FOR A
SMALL TRADING KETCH; BUT KWI
ADAMS HAS WEATHERED THIRTY
YEARS OF STORMS AT SEA...

...THAT'S CLAM ISLAND,
SLEGO! WE'LL SHELTER IN
THE LAGOON UNTIL THE
STORM'S BLOWN ITSELF
OUT!

BURT SLEGO, WORKING HIS PASSAGE
TO HONOLULU IS STRICTLY A FAIR
WEATHER SAILOR. ADAMS IS NOT TO
KNOW THAT HE HAS TAKEN A GOLD-
BLOODED KILLER ABOARD, WHO IS JUST
ONE JUMP AHEAD OF THE LAW...

...LOOK AT
THE BREAKERS.
THERE'S A REEF
UNDER THEM.

...I WON'T
LET YOU...
UNGNH...

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF
THAT TILLER, YOU YELLOW
RAT! AT HIGH TIDE... THERE'S
AT LEAST TWO FATHOMS
OVER THE CORAL!

WE'RE RIGHT
OVER THE REEF!
SEE... THERE'S A BOUNTY
OF ROOM...

I'LL
GET YOU,
MISTER,
FOR THAT
JUNK...
JUST
WAIT...

THE STORM PASSES, AND, AS THE TIDE
EBBS, A JAGGED CORAL REEF APPEARS.

IF THERE'S
NOTHING TO DO, I'LL
TAKE A LOOK AT
THAT WRECK ON
THE BEACH.

PLEASE
YOURSELF,
CHUM,
YOU'RE NO
USE TO ME
HERE...

LEAVING KWI TO
OVERHAUL THE
ENGINE, SLEGO
GOES EXPLORING...

A JAP LANDING
CRAFT, THROWN UP
BY THE HURRICANE!
IT MUST HAVE SUNK
DURING THE WAR...

BUT THE JAPANESE VESSEL HAD
BEEN ON A SPECIAL MISSION...

BULLION! A BOX OF GOLD
BARS! I'M... I'M RICH!
RICH!

CONCEALING HIS FIND, HE
RETURNS TO THE KETCH...

O.K., BOSS.

IF
YOU'VE
NOTHING
TO DO, GET
THE CABIN
CLEAN.
WE'LL SAIL
ON THE TIDE
TOMORROW
MORNING

THAT
DOESN'T
LEAVE ME
MUCH TIME
TO GET THE
GOLD...

THAT EVENING, SLEGO OFFERS
TO COOK THE MEAL...

YOUR COOKING'S WORSE
THAN YOUR SEAMANSHIP,
SLEGO!

WAIT TILL
YOU DRINK THE
COFFEE, MISTER
BIGHEAD...

FIRST!

IF I DIDN'T NEED HIM TO SAIL THIS
BOAT, I'D HAVE PUT ENOUGH OF THAT
DRUG IN THERE TO PUT HIM ASLEEP
FOR **KEEPS!** BUT
THAT WILL DO
FOR NOW...



I'LL BURY THE GOLD ON
THE ISLAND, THEN I CAN
COME BACK AND COLLECT
IT IN MY OWN TIME...
ALONE!



THERE'S TOO MUCH
FOR ONE TRIP, BUT
THE TIDE WON'T BE
IN FOR SEVERAL
HOURS YET.



BURT
SELECTS
HIDING
PLACE
ON THE
ISLAND...

THIS SPOT WILL BE
EASY TO REMEMBER.
IF ONLY KIWI KNEW
WHAT HE WAS
MISSING...



TIDE'S RISING FAST.
I'D BETTER MAKE
THIS THE LAST
TRIP.



THAT'S THE LOT! THANKS TO
THE JAPS, BURT SLEGO
WON'T HAVE TO WORK
AGAIN...



STAGGERING WITH
HIS LOAD OF GOLD,
SLEGO WADES
THROUGH THE
RISING WATER.
THEN...



MY FOOT!
IT'S TRAPPED...

UNDER THE WATER, BURT FEELS
THE EDGE OF A LARGE SHELL...

A CLAM!
OF COURSE...
CLAM ISLAND!
IT'S LUCKY THE
WATER'S
SHALLOW...



SUDDENLY HE REMEMBERS
THE RISING TIDE... AND
KIWI, DEEP IN A DRUGGED
SLEEP...



TWO FATHOMS AT HIGH
TIDE... TWELVE FEET... NO...!
KIWI... HELP, KIW!
KIWI... AGHHH...!!

A DRUGGED SLEEP THAT
KEEPS SLEEPS... A
DESPERATE CRIES
CANNOT BREAK THROUGH!

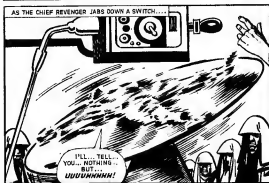


THE
END

ALTHOUGH THE WORLD BELIEVES NEWSPAPERMAN JIM JORDAN IS DEAD HE STILL CARRIES ON HIS CRUSADE AGAINST CRIME... AS **THE SPECTRE**. BUT NOW HE IS HELD PRISONER BY A SINISTER SYNDICATE KNOWN AS **THE REVENGERS!**

AT NIGHT STALKS

THE SPECTRE



AT A SIGNAL FROM THE CHIEF REVENGER, THE STILL-DAZZLED PRISONER IS PULLED TO HIS FEET....



AND NOW, AS WAS PROMISED, YOU SHALL DYE!

DEATH! IT IS THE WILL OF THE REVENGERS!



TAKE HIM AWAY! REMOVE HIM WHILE WE PONDER THE EXACT NATURE OF HIS DEATH!

MOMENTS LATER, OR SO IT SEEMS TO THE SPECTRE....



THAT DISC! IT DID SOMETHING TO ME! I HAVE NO RECOLLECTION OF WHAT HAPPENED AFTER I BLACKED OUT...!

BUT NOW MY MIND HAS CLEARED! I AM A PRISONER IN THIS CELL, WITH A STEEL DOOR... A BARRED WINDOW...



BUT THOSE BARS PRESENT NO GREAT PROBLEM... NOT TO THE SPECTRE! FIRST, I REMOVE MY TIE...



THEN...



...I TIE ONE END TO THE BARS, RUB THE MAGNETISM FUSE CONCEALED IN THE OTHER END, LIKE SO...!



...AND THE LIQUID EXPLOSIVE IMPREGNATED INTO THE WEAVE DOES THE REST!



WHEN! I'M GLAD THEY DIDN'T CHECK MY CLOTHES...

HE'S ESCAPING!



...OR THEY'D HAVE DISCOVERED THEY ARE BULLET-PROOF! AND NOW, I HAVE ESCAPED... COMPLETE WITH KNOWLEDGE OF THE REVENGERS' HIDEOUT!

BUT, FROM AN ATTIC WINDOW....



THE FOOL! HE DOES NOT DREAM WE LET HIM ESCAPE! THAT ALREADY HE HAS BEEN IMPREGNATED WITH THE SEEDS OF OUR POWER! THAT, WHENEVER WE CHOOSE, WE SHALL USE THE SPECTRE AS A WEAPON... TO KILL!

NEXT ISH! THE SPECTRE STRIKES!

SAMMY SHRINK

